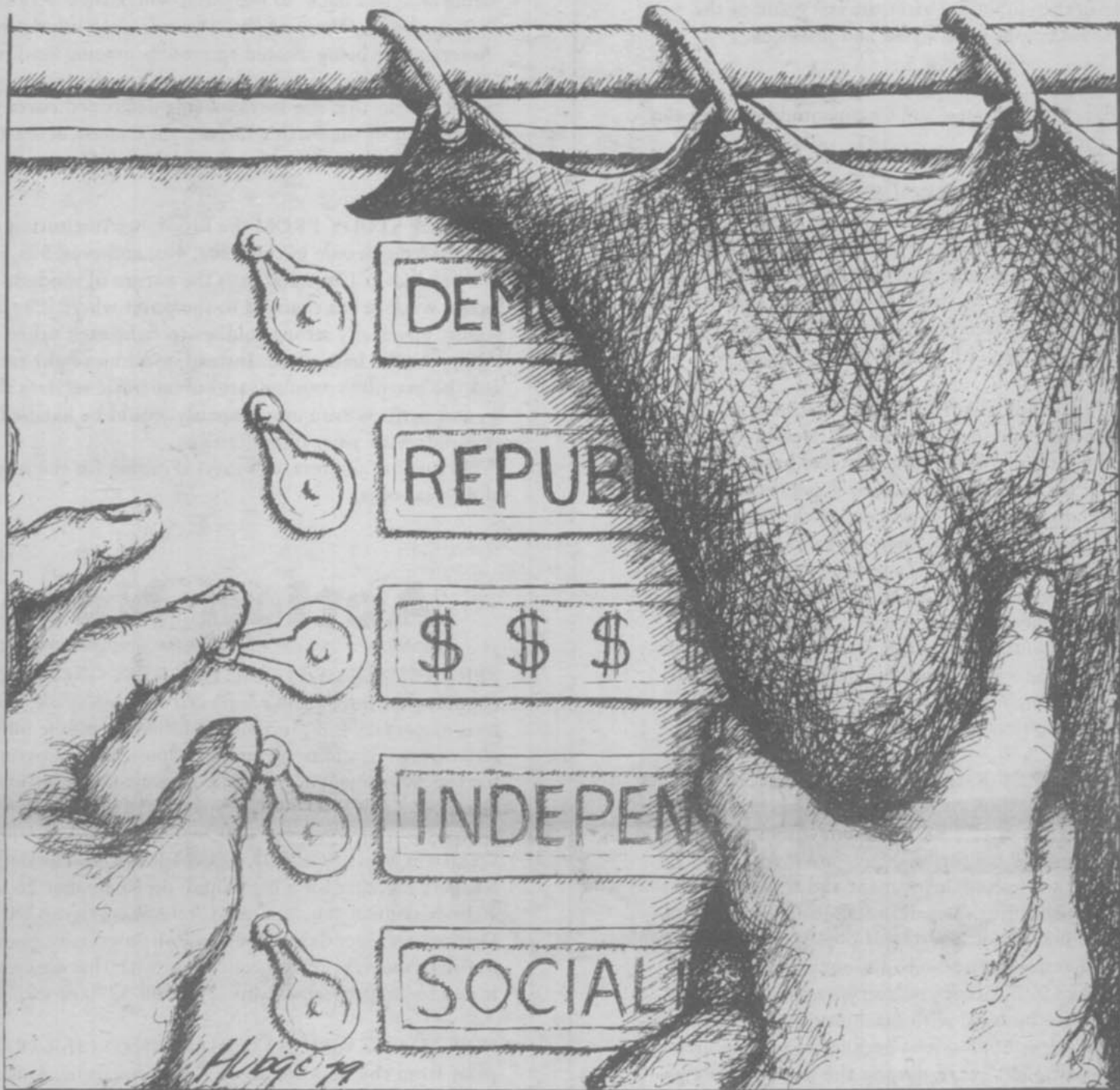


# The DC Gazette

DECEMBER 1979



**A Few Kind Words For  
the White American Male**

**Is There  
an Anti-nuclear Diet?**

**Apple Pie & Lots More**



# The Weather Report

BALTIMORE ORIOLES pitcher Tim Stoddard on seeing Jimmy Carter in the clubhouse after the last game of the World Series: "He comes once a year and jinxes us."

A PRODUCER who is a Ronald Reagan supporter, is making a low-budget "docu-drama" on Chappaquiddick. Camelot just isn't what it used to be.

THE CITIZENS ENERGY PROJECT says the federal government is helping big business take over the solar energy field. More than ninety percent of all federal grants for solar research and development are being awarded to large corporations. A mere 30 companies have received more than 97 percent of all the solar research funds allocated by the Department of Energy's Division of Energy Technology.

TWO UCLA psychologists have found that men are also subjected to sexual harassment on the job. Nearly 45 percent of male employees interviewed said they had been the targets of suggestive or sexual remarks made by supervisors or co-workers of the opposite sex. 31 percent of the men interviewed and 33 percent of the women spoke of being leered at or touched while on the job. Six percent of the men, and 11 percent of the women, said it had been made abundantly clear to them that they were expected to sleep with their bosses or with influential co-workers to keep their jobs. Sixty five percent of the women said they resented the sexual looks, gestures or touching, while only 35 percent of the men voiced similar objections.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL suggests that investments by multinational corporations in third world nations often have more negative than positive economic effects on the lives of people in those countries.

According to the Journal, investment and trade by multinationals in poorer countries sometimes results in fewer rather than additional jobs for the local populace. As an example, major foreign investors moved into Indonesia and poured millions of dollars into the rice industry, replacing workers who hulled the rice by hand with machines. As a result, Indonesia has actually lost 60,000 jobs because of foreign investment over the past eight years, despite the fact that foreign investment has increased by 800 percent during that period.

A recent study by the United Nations found that while multinational corporations have invested more than \$70 billion in third world nations in recent years, these firms have created a total of fewer than four million jobs in countries that have 680 million people looking for work.

A LEADING ENVIRONMENTAL expert claims that the popularity of low-priced fast-food hamburgers is largely responsible for the wiping out of the tropical forests around the world. Conservation scientists Norman Myers says that

rain forests in the earth's tropical zones are systematically being chopped back to the point where their very survival is in question. Many of these forests, particularly in Latin America, are being cleared to provide grazing land for beef. The beef is being raised in large part for the fast food market. Myers warns that the forests being destroyed cover only seven percent of the earth's surface yet contain at least forty percent of all the living species in the world.

A NEW STUDY FROM the Brookings Institution concludes that drafting people in their 30s, 40s, and even 50s, is probably a good idea. The study says the nature of modern technological warfare has changed to the point where it's rare for young, physically strong soldiers to fight each other, face-to-face on the battlefield. Instead, machines fight each other and the machines require vast bureaucratic services that easily, and perhaps even more capably, could be handled by 50-year-olds with years of experience.

No one in Congress, however, is calling for the registration of 40-year-olds.

## Action Notes

### PERIODICALS OF PUBLIC INTEREST ORGANIZATIONS:

A guide that introduces readers to 103 newspapers, newsletters, magazines and journals published by public interest & citizen organizations. \$5 to individuals. Write Commission for the Advancement of Public Interest Organizations, 1875 Conn. Ave. NW, DC 20009 (Suite 1013).

DEMOCRATIC AGENDA CONFERENCE: The democratic left gets together for a big confab on November 16 and 17 at International Inn, Thomas Circle, Washington DC. The Democratic Agenda is a coalition of progressive groups within the Democratic Party concerned with that party's economic and social programs. Info: 212-260-3270 or 202-296-7693.

HOW TO GET GAY MATERIALS INTO LIBRARIES: Pamphlet from the Task Force on Gay Liberation, American Library Association. \$1, checks payable to Barbara Gittings, GTF, PO Box 2383, Philadelphia Pa. 19103.

TEXAS JAILS NEED BOOKS: We've received a letter from the Texas Department of Correction's director of library services, requesting that books be donated for prison libraries. The inmate population in Texas is now nearing 25,000. Books can be sent to Naomi Downer, Director of Library Services, Windham School District, Texas Department of Corrections, Huntsville, Texas 77340.

You are what you absorb

The proper state of a reporter's mind is libelous

In 1892 the Clarence Kemp Company sold a solar water heater for \$25

A dash of Tabasco in your lemon sherbert adds flavor, but probably not the one you want.

## The DC Gazette

The Gazette is an alternative journal published monthly except during the summer when it is published bimonthly. Our deadline is the second Tuesday of the month except for ads, which should be submitted by the third Tuesday of the month.

The Gazette is a member of the Alternative Press Syndicate and COSMEP and uses the services of Pacific News Service, College Press Service, Zodiac News Service, HerSay News Service and Community Press Features.

The Gazette is available by mail for \$5 a year. Single copies are 50¢.

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# My World

**Eugene Allan Schwimmer**

## HOW LIFE BEGAN

THIS month I don't have anything really important to talk about, so I thought we might discuss the origin of all life on Earth.

Now the human race, as we all know, did not simply appear out of nowhere. We are, rather, the end result of the lengthy hit-and-miss — mostly miss — process known as evolution.

But what began this process? How, exactly, did life begin? I must hear this question a hundred times a day and so, rather than hear it again, I think I'll answer it. Please pay attention, however, as I'm only going to do it this one time and will not speak on this subject again no matter how much people beg me, no matter how much money they. . . .

Ahem.

Nobody knows precisely how the universe began — nobody in my circle of friends, anyway — but scientists believe it began with an explosion that produced great clouds of gas. Gradually, these clouds condensed into solid balls of matter. The big balls became stars, the little ones, planets, and the very smallest ones became a bunch of stupid rocks.

One of the planets formed was our own Earth (Hooray, Earth!) Enveloping the Earth was an atmosphere, but this atmosphere was nothing like the atmosphere we have today. Instead of oxygen and nitrogen, the early atmosphere was composed primarily of ammonia — ammonia and a little bleach. Later, a special additive evolved to help prevent static cling.

Great electrical storms raged over the Earth's surface for millions of years and it was lightning streaking through the ancient Terran atmosphere, interacting with the elements of that atmosphere, that led to the formation of the first amino acids.

Amino acids — the Building Blocks of Life.

Eventually, the Earth began to cool and as it did, rain began to fall and collect in various hollows and depressions. In the rainwater were amino acids and as time passed, they began to clump together until finally, there were enough of them to form a so-called "primordial soup." Millions of years more went by and the soup continues to thicken, becoming, finally, a rather tasty "primordial stew."

Life was difficult for the primordial stew and filled with hardship. Many of the modern conveniences we take for granted today — like color television and air conditioning — were totally unknown. However, when the going gets tough the tough get going. The stew persevered and as the Earth continued to cool, things got better; so good, in fact, that by the year 1,000,000 B. C. the spunky little stew had all but disappeared and in its place arose a new delicacy: Man.

The rest is, as they say, history.

## Chuck Stone

### ON AFRICA

MONROVIA, LIBERIA — Two weeks after President Jimmy Carter played musical chairs with almost half of his cabinet, Liberian President William R. Tolbert Jr. dumped two of his most important cabinet ministers and merged a third cabinet post with two others.

Beseiged by declining credibility, Carter touched off a national cacophony of howls with his "midsummer massacre."

The popular Tolbert's action caused so minor a stir that he didn't even deign to allude to it during an interview in his office.

Earlier that morning, he had received credentials from the new American ambassador in the white, gold-trimmed state room of the elegantly imposing Executive House. At first, the only American reporter present yawned through the sleep-

inducing first half of the ceremony. Then the medium-statured Tolbert arose to respond. Wearing his traditional white safari suit and white cap, he seemed the most ordinary of men.

But when he speaks, the eloquence commands attention. His delivery combines the didactic precision of the teacher with the stirring cadences of the Baptist preacher — which he is.

He acknowledged Liberia's "depressing frustrations" and the "conditions we face in the exacting process to bring about change."

Shifting to Africa's priority crisis, Tolbert hoped American influence would help find a solution to the Zimbabwe Rhodesia question that would include *all* the parties.

He alluded to the "Muzorewa/Smith government," a realistic description which all Africans and British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher accept, but very few US senators seem able to grasp.

Then, in a sermon-like rhythm, so characteristic of the late Martin Luther King Jr., the Liberian president told the American ambassador, "Your knowledge of Africa must be convincing that dignity is being decried, justice denied, liberty delayed and liberation defied."

Let the church say, "Amen."

Later, during the interview in his red-wallpapered office, he reaffirmed the Liberian-black connection (Liberia was colonized in 1824 by black American slaves).

"This is your home," he said with emphatic warmth. "I really mean that. I want you to come back again. We consider you one of us."

There is just a hint of an Oriental cast to his eyes. With his drooping mustache he resembles a brown-skinned Charlie Chan.

On his gold-embroidered massive desk is a motto prominently framed — "Rally Time" — his summons to Liberia to pull together.

Tolbert persuaded Liberians to contribute \$10 each to an economic development fund to be used for projects of their

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own choosing. They responded with \$5 million that has built 350 miles of roads, hospitals, schools and the relocation of the University of Liberia.

"I tell our people we're behind the times," he says. "We must move into the century of activity. I know the problems we have, but we have the will to solve those problems."

"I work with the people. I travel all over the country and I identify with the people. I believe in the people."

He smiled the next warning: "If you don't recognize the sovereignty of the masses, you will find yourself wanting."

When the 66-year-old Tolbert was sworn in as Liberia's fifth president in 1971 to succeed the venerable William V. S. Tubman, he quickly set a new mood for the country. Just as Jimmy Carter walked down Pennsylvania Avenue after his inaugural, Tolbert forwent the traditional striped pants and was sworn in wearing his ubiquitous safari suit. The comparison ends there, since Liberia is, for all intents and purposes, a one-party country which is ruled by the National True Whig Party.

"Much can be done in this meaningful time in our history by the United States for Liberia," he said somberly, "especially if we work together."

Transforming Liberia, a rural country of 30 tribes (per capita income \$450) who still live in primitive villages; consumes him.

His goal is to make Liberia self-reliant in rice production by 1980.

Rice, according to one Librarian official, is the country's "gut issue."

This past April, when rumors swept the country that the price of rice was going to be increased by \$3 a bag to \$25, demonstrations were held, despite a government ban. Violence broke out and 48 people were killed and hundreds injured.

"We had made no decision to raise the price," said an obviously chagrined Tolbert. "Nobody had indicated that the price of rice was going to be increased."

"But we still have the problem of finding a way to en-

## For People Who Are Serious About Their Issues . . .



# AN URBAN FINANCING GOVERNMENT

The Final Report of THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA TAX REVISION COMMISSION

Now Available for Distribution

### FINANCING AN URBAN GOVERNMENT:

The Final Report of the  
District of Columbia  
Tax Revision Commission

In 1975 the U.S. Congress granted the citizens of the District of Columbia the right to elect their own Mayor and City Council. One of the first acts of this new home rule government was to establish a tax study commission which was directed to provide the city with an analysis of the District's present tax system and its tax policy alternatives, and the administration of its existing laws. Because the City of Washington must function as both a city and a state, this report examines a wide range of state and local revenue sources, including the conventional income, property and sales taxes as well as less used alternatives such as a site value tax, a classified property tax, anti-real estate speculation taxes, and various forms of legalized gambling. Copies of this report (201 pages, indexed) may be obtained by writing to:

Tax Commission Report  
Department of Economics  
University of the  
District of Columbia  
929 "E" Street, N.W.,  
Suite 725  
Washington, D.C. 20004

#### ALSO ANNOUNCING:

#### Technical Aspects of the District Tax System:

A compendium of papers prepared for the District of Columbia Tax Revision Commission, edited by Michael E. Bell and Robert D. Ebel (574 pages, indexed)

There is a charge for either report.

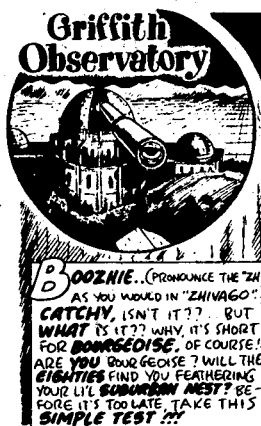
courage the farmer to produce more rice and get a fair return."

For Tolbert, who is a pan-Africanist, the 16th meeting of the Organization of African Unity in Monrovia was a source of personal pride and the watershed for a new international prestige.

At one point during the OAU meeting, tensions flared to a breaking point. The previous OAU chairman, Sudanese President Gaafar Mohamed Nimeiri, was furious with Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere for the "invasion" of Uganda. Nigerian head of state Obasanjo had made the same accusation.

"I got Obasanjo, [Guinean President] Toure and Nimeiri and we sat down as brothers and talked from 3 until 6 in the morning until we came to an understanding."

In this continent struggling to meld its triple personality — the primitive, modern and spiritual — into a functioning unity, the eloquent vision of Liberia's Tolbert is a treasured instrument for good and a powerful force for change.



## ARE YOU A BOOZHIE?

**BOOZHIE**... (PRONOUNCE THE "ZH" AS YOU WOULD IN "ZHIVAGO")  
CATCHY, ISN'T IT?? BUT WHAT IS IT?? WHY IS IT SHORT FOR BOOZIE? OF COURSE! ARE YOU BOOZIE? WILL THE EIGHTIES FIND YOU FEATHERING YOUR LIL' SUPERMAN NEST? BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, TAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST!!!

HOW MANY OF THESE **BOURGEOISE ILLUSIONS** DO YOU HOLD?? HAVE YOU BEEN SOLD A "BILL OF GOODS"?

☐ THERE IS A FUTURE  
☐ YOU ARE UNIQUE  
☐ WE LIVE IN A DEMOCRACY  
☐ WORK BE-FORE PLAY  
☐ HEAT, SUGAR, CAFFEINE AND ALCOHOL ARE VITARY NEEDS  
☐ THE OSMONDS ARE CUTE  
☐ IT'S A DOG-EAT-DOG WORLD  
☐ FATHER KNOWS BEST  
☐ THERE'S SOMETHING BETTER ON ANOTHER CHANNEL

EACH ILLUSION EQUALS 10 POINTS ON THE BOOZHIE BAROMETER.

**FEAR** PLAYS A PROMINENT ROLE IN THE BOURGEOISE LIFESTYLE... HOW MANY OF THESE **BOOZHIE BOGEYS** HAUNT YOU?

☐ COMMUNIST TAKEOVER  
☐ LESBIAN MAGISTRATES  
☐ END OF THE CAR CULTURE  
☐ RING AROUND THE COLLAR  
☐ BAD BREATH  
☐ PUNK ROCK  
☐ BAD RECEPTION  
☐ MISMATCHED SOCKS  
☐ DEATH

EACH FEAR EQUALS 7 POINTS ON THE BOOZHIE BAROMETER.

HOW MANY OF THESE **ITEMS** DO YOU OWN (OR WANT)? ARE YOU A **CONSUMER-FETTERIST**??

☐ FOOD PROCESSOR  
☐ "POLARVISION" SYSTEM  
☐ DATSUN B-210  
☐ WINE RACK  
☐ HAIR BLOW-DRYER  
☐ COMPUTER BOING  
☐ GARAGE DOOR OPENER  
☐ POPCORN POPPER  
☐ "WORK" POSTER

EACH ITEM EQUALS 5 POINTS ON THE BOOZHIE BAROMETER.

**SCORES:** 5 TO 20 — SAFE LEVEL  
21 TO 50 — WATCH OUT  
51 AND ABOVE — GO SHOPPING

I GOT 198-- WHAT ABOUT YOU, SCOTT?  
...HMMM... THE MALL'S OPEN 'TIL TEN TONITE, ISN'T IT?

## Is there an anti-nuclear diet?

Mary Claire Blakeman

BROWN RICE, miso soup, bean sprouts, seaweed, green vegetables, fruit and sunflower seeds. It may not sound very appetizing to most American palates, but according to a growing number of health activists in the anti-nuclear movement, such a diet may be the best culinary response to the post-Harrisburg nuclear age.

Though the medical establishment puts little stock in the connection between what people eat and their ability to withstand nuclear radiation, some scientists are beginning to take a serious look at the possibilities. What they have found is intriguing, and tends to support some of the non-scientific evidence.

The notion that diet may have a protective or rehabilitative effect on persons exposed to nuclear radiation first surfaced among Japanese survivors of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. In the current issue of the East-West Journal, Dr. Tatshichiro Akizuki attributes his survival and that of his patients in Nagasaki to a diet which included the combination of brown rice, salt and miso soup, and which strictly eliminated sugar. Miso is a form of fermented soy beans which has a high mineral content.

"I had fed my co-workers brown rice and miso soup for some time before the bombing. None of them suffered from atomic radiation," Dr. Akizuki says, "I believe this is because they had been eating miso soup."

"The radioactivity may not have been a fatal dose," he adds, "but I, and other staff members and in-patients kept on living on the lethal ashes of the bombed ruins."

"It was thanks to this salt mineral method that all of us... survived the disaster free from severe symptoms of radioactivity."

Others who lived through the bombing of Hiroshima say their traditional macrobiotic diet, which emphasized whole grains and vegetables, helped them to survive. However, no one has collected conclusive data to show that people on macrobiotic diets had a higher survival rate than others.

What is known is that certain foods act as "chelators" to help remove radioactive material from the body. Chelators combine with radioactive elements to form stable compounds in the body which then can be eliminated.

A British study, published in the International Journal of Radiation Biology in 1971, showed that kelp effectively removed strontium 90 from the body. "The alginate preparation (OG1) reduced the absorption and retention of strontium about 4-fold," the report states.

Annalisa Kennedy, an anti-nuclear activist with Oregon's Trojan Decommissioning Alliance, says that kelp can be used daily, like salt, in salads and cooking. "The best way to protect yourself is to join the anti-nuclear movement," she says, "but kelp and other seaweeds like dulse provide an abundant source of minerals — iodine, potassium,

calcium — which can help protect the body and limit the absorption of radioactive elements. People can also protect themselves by avoiding smoking and stress and other things that trigger cancer.

Pectin in foods such as fruit and sunflower seeds has also exhibited an effect on strontium. During the early 1960s, Russian scientist reported that pectin extracted from sunflower seeds reduced the absorption and deposition of strontium 90 in skeletons of test animals.

An earlier report by the US Army Quartermaster Food and Container Institute showed that supplementing the diet of guinea pigs with green vegetables such as cabbage or broccoli "enhanced the survival of irradiated animals while the use of beets did not." The 1958 study concluded that "feeding of cabbage both before and after radiation exposure produced the greatest amount of protection."

This apparent protective ability of green plants is also attributed to sprouted seeds, such as alfalfa or wheat, which are high in chlorophyll. Wheat grass, which is grown by sprouting wheat berries, is gaining attention from unorthodox health circles and established doctors alike for its beneficial effects — which seem to include protection from radiation.

Dr. Chiu-Nan Lai of the University of Texas System Cancer Center reported in Science News that "extracts of wheat sprouts exhibit antagonistic activity toward known carcinogens."

Advocates of natural substances as protection from radiation point out that the use of certain foods is most effective when incorporated into the regular diet — not as quick fix remedy. While there is some evidence to support their claims, most medical doctors remain skeptical about the correlation between diet and radiation.

"Getting the necessary vitamins and minerals is important," says Dr. Roy Thompson, senior staff scientist at Battelle Memorial Institute in Richland, Wash. "But I don't know of any substantial scientific evidence that any of these things have an effect on radiation except for the fact that it could make you more healthy. And a healthy animal is more resistant to outside insult than an unhealthy one." Despite the skepticism regarding natural foods, medical science puts great store in chemical substances which act as effective chelators in certain high exposure cases.

One such case is that of Harold McClusky, a former chemical operator at the Hanford Nuclear Reservation in Washington, who was exposed to radioactive contamination in an explosion at the plant in 1976. He breathed the highest recorded human dose of the isotope americium 242 — 400 times what an average adult might receive in a lifetime.

Kept in near isolation for five months, McClusky was given specially produced zinc DTPA, which acted as a chelator with the americium.

(Please turn to page 11)



# The Last Colony

## Barry's new direction: sideways

WE HAVE WAITED patiently for some reasonable confirmation of our wisdom in voting for Marion Barry. We knew it was harder to get change out of the District Building than from a Metro farecard machine. We knew that malfunctions had to be located, parts replaced and gears greased before the creaky old machine would run again.

So we waited. There were, of course, the traditional faux pas, the honeymoon with the press turning sour, mild movement paraded as major policy and all the other obligatory nonsense of a new administration. But we tried not to pay too much attention in order to hold ourselves ready for the big issues.

There was, of course, the Trip to Africa, diverting attention from local matters in the manner of presidential grand tours designed to obscure domestic quandries. Clever, we thought, but no harm done. There was the hype but it's hard to quantify hype and the most recent always seems the most egregious. So we discounted that, too.

There were, to be sure, indications that Jim Gibson intended to follow a path of development in the Bourbonnesque tradition of his predecessor, but planners always were a little slower than most people to catch on to things, so we were willing to wait awhile longer. There were, it is true, people who came up to us on the streets and complained about not being able to reach anyone at city hall "and I worked hard for that bastard" or who would ask us sardonically, "what do you think of your candidate now?" We would just shrug, knowing from long experience that Marion Barry doesn't return phone calls or favors.

But now it's nearing the one-quarter mark and from that great labyrinth into which our tax dollars crawl never to be seen again, we felt we needed some small sign, a flicker in the bureaucratic darkness, a cheering whistle from the fifth floor corridors of the District Building — something to reassure us that we had not been had, that Barry had not chosen the path of least resistance, becoming just another mayor feeding his constituency on meaningless rhetoric and misleading figures.

And so we approached the FY81 budget documents, not as an imposing stack of financial data, but as a book of revelations, with an optimism fostered by the mayor himself promising that we would find therein a "new direction." Surely, we thought, here we would find a signal of change, the long sought omen that competence and compassion had finally been blended into a mighty force arrayed against the tyrannies of urban life.

Instead we found:

The school budget had been cut by ten million dollars.

Once a week trash collections for some parts of the city.

A fee for abortions.

Health clinics closed.

A 5% increase in welfare payments proudly proclaimed as bringing recipients up

to "77.5% of the February 1977 cost of living standards effective Oct. 1, 1980."

There was, to be sure, a doubling of the housing department's budget, but this still left the city spending less than 1 percent of its budget on housing programs and their considerable bureaucratic overhead — and two-thirds of what the city planned to spend on land for the convention center.

A long-time observer of city budgets called it a "fuck the poor budget." That is too harsh. It is more a budget of excruciating conventionality, and an indication that the 1978 mayoral primary was a lot closer than even the votes indicated.

As the redoubtable Milton Coleman pointed out in the Post, in the ten areas where Barry said he was moving in a new direction he only added about one percent to the city's \$1.5 billion budget. Marion Barry's new direction was largely sideways.

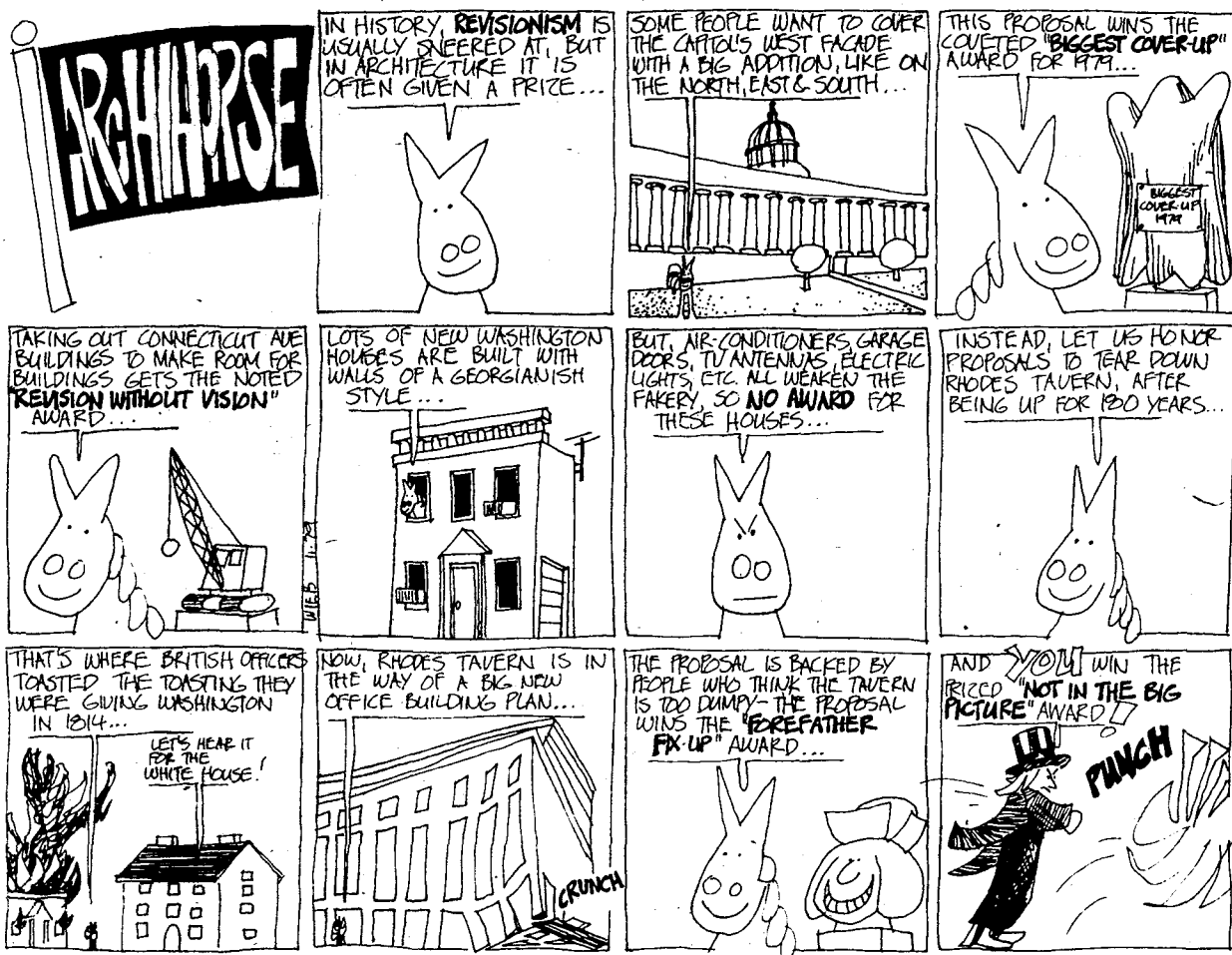
*We interrupt this polemic for a brief rationalization: A mayor's ability to change the budget is limited. The evil politicians do live after them; the good is oft interred in the planning process. There are the politically popular but otherwise pointless programs; there are the redundant personnel and their guaranteed positions and wage increases and eagle-eyed unions; there are pensions that someone forgot to fund. And so forth. The city isn't screwed up just because a Barry or a Washington is mayor. It is inherently screwed up. The whole idea of 45,000 people being required to run a city of less than 700,000 is a screwy one. If United Way came to you and told you that 47% of your contribution went for bureaucratic overhead — as it does at the Department of Human Resources — you probably wouldn't give it another dime. But that's the way things are going to remain until people start demanding the return of government to more fiscally and socially responsive units, such as neighborhoods, or until people demand some electoral say over the budget.*

Yet even within such confines there is

still much that can be done. There is, for example, \$15 million in reserve funds sitting around to buy land for Barry's Buildmore Ballroom. Such a sum would allow Barry to double the amount committed to his "new direction" or keep public school funding at current levels with some left over. Instead, we are building a convention center and closing schools.

John Wilson, who chairs the council's finance and revenue committee, has come up with figures that could eliminate some of the mayor's cuts entirely, increase welfare payments and reduce the school cut by a half. His proposals are debatable in some of their details but Wilson is on the right track. Surely cutting \$112,000 from the Office of Planning and Development can hardly hurt that agency's minimal efficiency and might even save us from an obnoxious planning scheme or two. Putting the lid on the various offices of great symbolism and little effect, like those of aging and latino affairs, is preferable to hurting educational programs. And a \$100,000 subsidy for the Washington Area Convention and Visitors Association is merely gilding the lily of city hall obeisance to commercial interests. Even if one disagrees with some of the specifics, as we do in the case of Wilson's proposed cut in the city auditor's office, he clearly demonstrates that one politician's austerity is another's corpulence.

If Barry's new budget shows remarkably little alteration from the traditions of the past, it shouldn't really surprise us. It does, perhaps, because of the illusion that with Barry we got a whole new government. In fact, what we got was a new prime contractor; many of the old subcontractors of the Walter Washington days are still in business: Doug Schneider, Al Russo, Judy Rogers, Gladys Mack. Even where there is a change, the face has not necessarily changed the policy. Jim Gibson, for example, is mainly distinguishable from Ben Gilbert because Gilbert could argue an indefensible case better.



There are many new faces in city hall, but they tend to be special assistants, heads of lesser offices, personal aides. The actual runners of the city bureaucracy, the big departments, are still remarkably -- for a new administration -- familiar. The prime exception, housing, is significantly the area in which there is the most hope for real change, although that hope is diminished by the crushing fiscal demands of maintaining the status quo elsewhere.

In short, the presbyopic bureaucratic spirit of Walter Washington is alive and well in the District Building. But his consistency is not. Washington was a man who pretty much did what he said he was going to do. Many times this wasn't such a good idea but you could at least bet on it.

But now a fault line has appeared, dividing past rhetoric from present programs. Remember how we all nodded sympathetically when candidate Barry insisted that the federal payment should be doubled? Mayor Barry is content to leave the federal payment at half that figure.

Remember candidate Barry instructing us on the virtues of a non-resident income tax and warning us that "it will take a strong lobbying effort by a dedicated mayor to gain this right?" Mayor Barry would rather not talk too much about that, if you don't mind.

Remember how we cheered Councilmember Barry when he fought for a budget increase for the DC schools in 1977 and lost, then came back the next year and won one? Mayor Barry thinks Councilmember Barry was all wet.

We don't even have to go back that far. Remember Mayor Barry proposing to experiment with 82-gallon trash cans across the Anacostia River, then changing it to an experiment in selected neighborhoods, then dropping it altogether, within the space of a few weekly pickups? Barry called this "leadership."

But it wasn't. It was pure followship. It is an example that can be blown out of proportion, but it is instructive nonetheless. If Barry had suspected that once-a-week trash collection would not be controversial he was naive. If he thought he could bully it through he was arrogant. If he had thought enough,

he might have asked for neighborhoods or individuals to volunteer. If, however, he wanted to demonstrate to the impatient and the idealistic how difficult it was for Mayor Barry to emulate the advice of candidate Barry he was quite clever. He tried, didn't he? Remember the trash cans!

The trash cans are our signal, our flicker in the darkness. We did not, they tell us, vote for Walter Washington's opponent but for his heir. As Wally always told us, we mustn't expect too much, we have to be patient, we must be nice to those folks up on Capitol Hill who think they run the city. Self-government, fiscal sanity, commuter taxes and 82-gallon trash cans weren't built in a day.

It's okay if Barry wants to be that sort of mayor. It's no big sin to be a pragmatic, breeze-sniffing, interest-pampering, ultra-cautious politician. It's pretty much the style. Still, we wish Marion had told us first. If we had known our choices were limited to varieties of conventional pragmatism, we might have gone with the more authentic and reliable model.

## DC Eye

SOMETHING STRANGE is happening over at the Washington Post. Not once, not twice, but three times in the past month the great beast of Fifteenth Street aroused itself sufficiently to produce excellent pieces on local matters. First, the expose of Pride (and, perhaps more importantly, HUD); then Bill Greider's well-honed assault on America's most overrated architect, I. M. Pei, and the marble palace he has created for John Carter Brown; and, finally, a superb article on black involvement in downtown development that more than anything we've read of late, tells what is really going on in this city. It's a matter we hope to return to in the future, but

for the moment go down in the basement and retrieve your October 31 Post (front page) and read Patrick Tyler's piece if you missed it.

IF MARION BARRY thought he could get away with cutting the education budget without much of a fuss, the languorous school board race must have given him comfort. There is a constituency for the public schools but it is undernourished, unvoiced and unorganized. Ergo, not many with political power -- including those on the board -- take it very seriously.

The board, once a hotbed of conflicting ideologies, has been reduced to a barroom brawl between conflicting egos. A majority of the

city council seems totally indifferent and the mayor, who once ran under the slogan, 'Unite to Save the Children,' mainly seems interested in saving more powerful constituencies.

Before submitting his budget, Barry wrote in the city hall puff sheet, "The education of our young children should be among the city's highest priorities." But not, apparently, during his administration.

The mayor claims he is cutting the education budget because of the decline in school enrollment. But the city is declining in population and we don't see this kind of economies being applied to the general budget.

There is a lot of fat in the school system.

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Read this:

# New gas furnaces use up to 13% less gas.

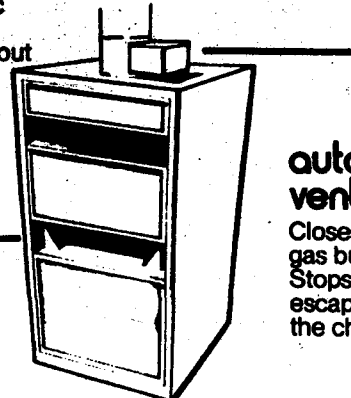
Gas heat has cost less than electric heat in this area for many years. But you may not have heard that the new gas furnaces are even more economical than older ones. They can save 13% of gas consumption, according to a computer study by the National Bureau of Standards. The reason? Pilotless ignition and automatic vent dampers.

What does that tell you about gas heating today? It's better because it saves energy -- and saves you money.

If your old furnace is on its last legs, you'll find new economies in replacing it. Gas heating contractors will give you details. (They are listed under "Heating Contractors" in the Yellow Pages.) See for yourself how a new gas furnace can help you cut high winter heating bills.

### pilotless ignition

A spark ignites the gas burner when it's needed. There's no pilot light to waste gas.



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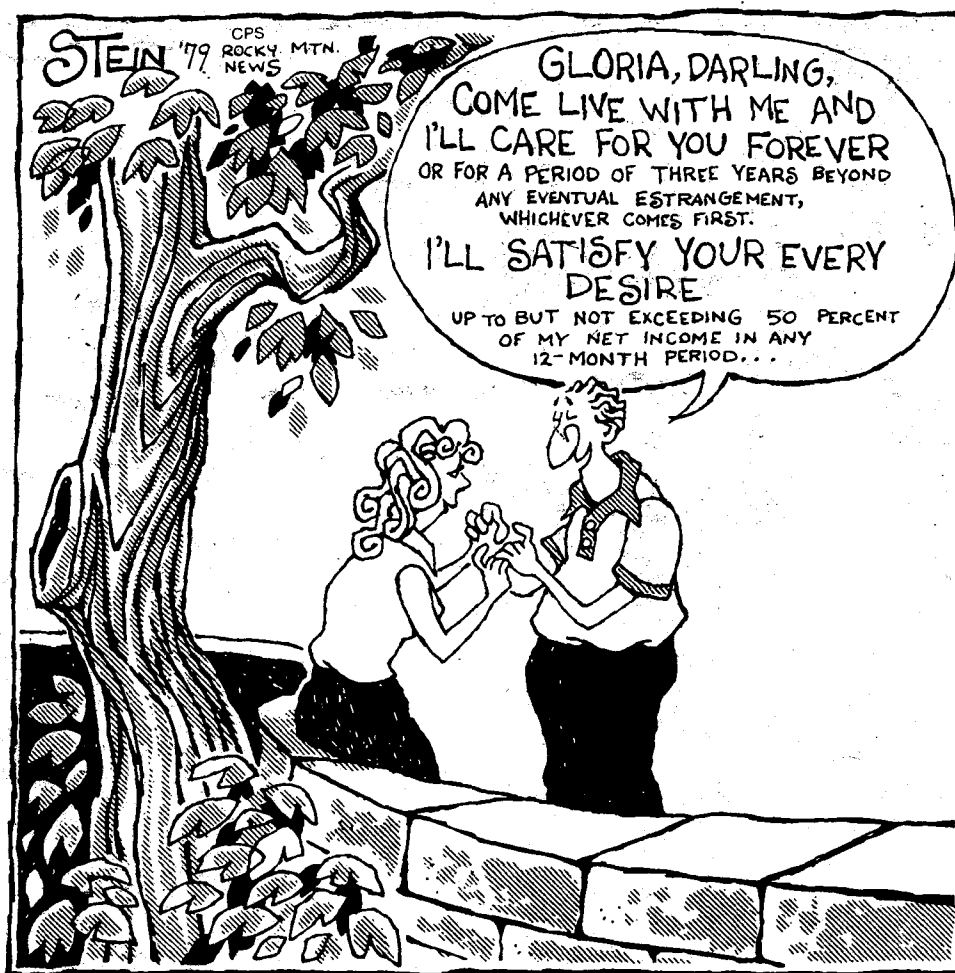
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But the school system cut is not part of a general drive for efficiency. It is an attack on the politically weak and unorganized designed to scrounge up a few extra bucks so that more politically attractive inefficiencies elsewhere in the city government can continue on their merry way.

THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN Voters has churned out its nifty calendar again. The 1980 version includes useful telephone numbers in the government and an ANC map. You can get it for \$2 from the League, Room 718, Dupont Circle Building, 1346 Conn. Ave. NW, DC 20036.

EACH TENANT at McLean Gardens will receive 1/158th of a 27.5% interest in the project under the deal that has been worked out there. It took them seven years to get that far. That's not quite as good as the 30% equity in downtown projects given gratis to certain black lawyers who we have been reading about but then the lawyers are meant to get things done faster. . . . An activist architect, long involved in the McLean Gardens struggle showed up in jeans for the reception given the MG residents and their new partners. He noted the PMI valets, the enormous canape table and the tuxedoed receiving line, so slunk home to change into a suit. . . . Meanwhile, over in a corner was the largest cigar this side of Fidel Castro, being held aloft by erstwhile McLean suitor Robert Linowes. . . . It's all enough to make grown interpreters of social phenomena cry. . . . And activist architects change their clothes. . . . Fortunately, one of the tenants is an anthropologist so maybe he'll explain it to us one day. . . . Meanwhile, we're lowering all our expectations to 1/158th of 27.5% of their former level.



A NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION against the death penalty has been called for Nov. 23. Demonstrators will meet at the Methodist Building, 100 Maryland Ave. NE, at 11 am. Info: DC Coalition Against the Death Penalty, 547-3633.

JOHN LEWIS Jr., editor of Black Affairs, has compiled a directory of black officials in the city, black professional offices here, a calendar of upcoming black events and a list of black journalists covering national affairs in Washington: Lewis' Directory is available

for \$15 from Black Affairs, 1121 National Press Building, DC 20045.

MEMO TO ROBERT MOORE: You promised to lie down in front of the District Building to stop construction of the Western Plaza. Please hurry up; they've already selected the final list of quotations to be inscribed there and they're as awful as the rest of the plan.

## Swampoodle's Report

My editor has relented. He says I can return to these pages providing I don't write any more silly jokes. He says we are nearing the Eighties when important choices have to be made — like what to do with ten thousand surplus 82-gallon trash cans — and people expect more than light-hearted banter.

I agree. These are indeed serious times and I shall rise to the challenge without rancor or excessive fuel consumption. I have started at the top, joining a presidential campaign that encapsulates the spirit of our times. The campaign was started by a group of rejectees from the Appletree disco and is working on behalf of a John Connolly-Joseph Yeldell ticket. If this effort fails to float, I guess I'll have to go with Frank Perdue. He's the one man I know who can clearly put two chickens in every pot.

There are, of course, matters of more local concern. Like the Post's revelations of certain untoward incidents at Pride Inc. The story was a little hard to follow without the aid of a calculator and the flow of the narrative was broken every few paragraphs by assurances that mayor was in no way involved, but I generally found it prize-worthy. Besides, it offered Richard Cohen an opportunity to write about his uncle who was robbed blind by his wife, the only two members of the Cohen family we had yet to hear about.

As I gather the situation from the Post series, Mary Treadwell was Price and Marion was Pride. I

could have had this story but failed to follow up the initial tip-off which came when I spotted, near the Watergate, a baby-blue Mercedes with flip-top lid and advertising posters on all four sides.

Meanwhile, Marion's chief planner, Jim Gibson, has gone before the local landmarks commission and argued that the Rhodes Tavern, the oldest commercial building in downtown Washington, should be torn down and replaced by offices which, he said, were of special merit and would provide a gateway to the downtown retail core.

I was wondering what had happened to that gateway. It's portable and moves around quite a bit. Its last known address was Mount Vernon Square, but prior to that it's been in the West End, on the Georgetown waterfront and at Conn. & K. A long time ago it was up Watergate way.

It's too bad about Rhodes, but who can deny that another office building is more important than an old bar that doesn't even have an ABC license? Still, it would be nice to keep Rhodes around if only to remind us of the progress we have made in the city. It was from this tavern that the British general watched the burning of the White House. Today you can't destroy downtown without a demolition permit.

The other reason to preserve Rhodes Tavern is because it isn't very pretty. A lot of people say they like history but really only like history that looks nice. This creates ambience but distorts history. I'm afraid that a whole generation of Washingtonians is growing up thinking that their forefolk lived in pastel-painted town houses with glass walls in the back; that the Revolution was plotted at the Hawk 'n' Dove; and that Barbara Held, Millicent Chatel and Colquitt-Carruthers were among the signers of the Constitution.

I was glad to hear that Walter Fauntroy is try-

ing to revive the campaign for a DC constitutional amendment. Sources tell me that, on his next trek to the state legislatures, he is planning to broaden the base of the lobbying effort by taking along Hamilton Jordan, Howard Cosell and two representatives of the PLO.

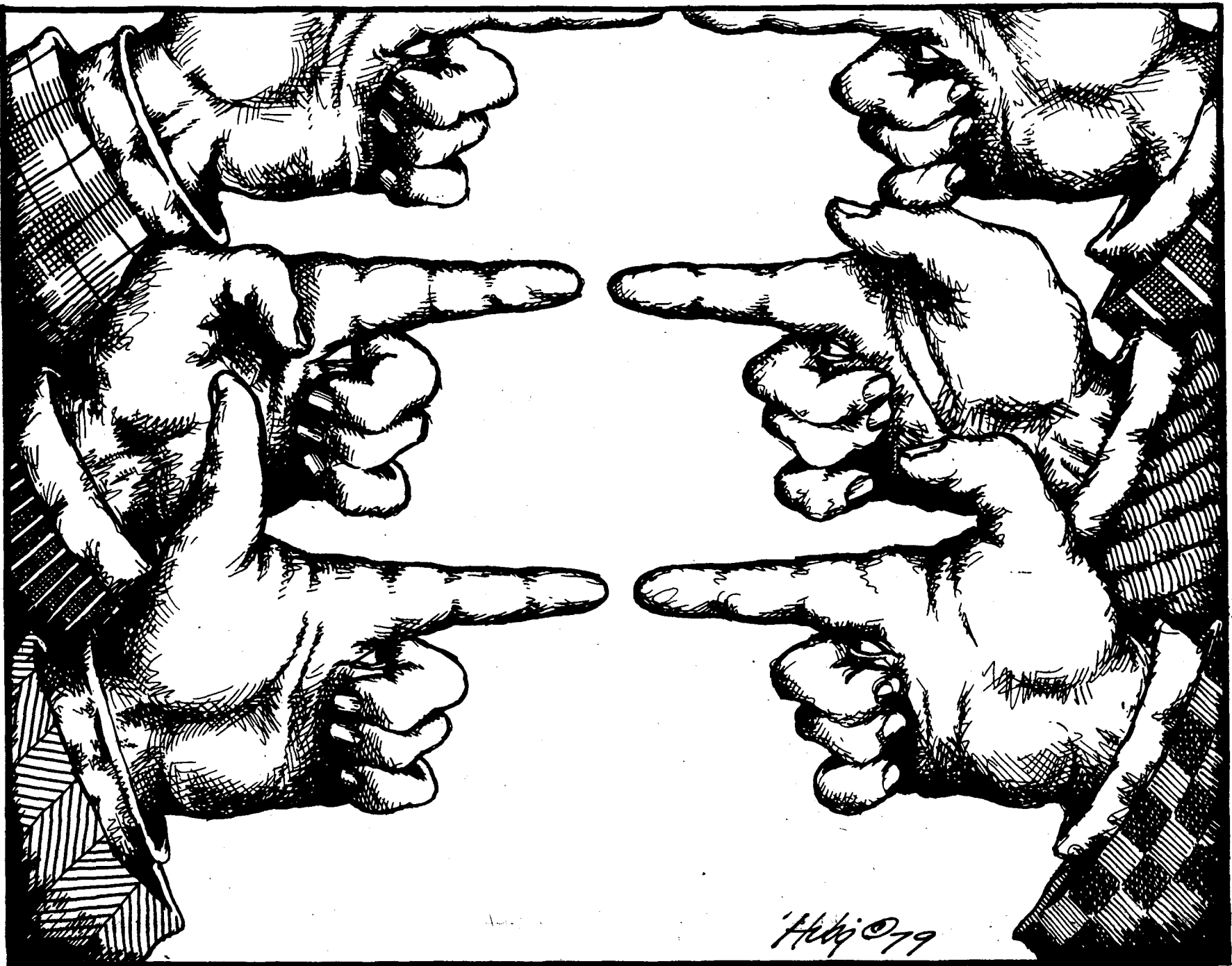
Here's a change you should make in your telephone directory. You no longer can get legislation passed in the city council by dialing 911. A judge ruled that the council's 90-day wonders were a trifle illegal. What this means, folks, is that we're going to have to go back and do seventy percent of the last five years all over again.

Now to clear up a few misapprehensions you may have gathered from reading the Star and the Post: (1) Governor Brown is still running for President; (2) more people showed up in DC for the gay/lesbian march than to see the Pope; and (3) about 500 times as many people ran in the New York Marathon as played in any of the pro football games that same weekend. But then, I suppose, factors of taste intrude on the relative coverage given to events. You couldn't really expect the Post to run a banner headline for the gay march as it did for the papal visit: A HOW-TO GUIDE FOR SEEING THE POPE.

Finally, special congratulations to the mayor for trying to sell the federal government land at UDC's Van Ness campus which the feds already owned. It shows a growing sophistication among the gatekeepers of the downtown retail core.

*Joshua Swampoodle*  
Purveyor of split infinitives  
for over forty years





## Flotsam & Jetsam

### *A Few Kind Words for the White American Male*

IT MAY BE TIME to say a few kind words for the white American male. It is, I know, not fashionable and some may consider the mere suggestion a new form of treachery, another plot to continue the oppressive status quo, to ensnare and enslave, co-opt and coerce.

Oh well, after nearly two decades of being lumped among the unreconstructed heirs of Attila, Ghengis, Adolph and Simon simply by merit of the draw in the Fallopian and penile estuaries, I guess I can take the flak. It's one of the things you're best as these days if you are a white American male: surviving in a world that doesn't like you very much.

Of course, you know *you* don't have the power that others credit you with, that you've struggled pretty hard to get what you've got and that there are times when you would gladly trade the lot for the right to say that all your problems are someone else's fault. But you don't, first because you are tired of all the arguing, yelling and yammering, and second because you know that in a relative sense you are probably better off in a lot of ways than many of those who blame you for everything and they are going to have to catch up before they realize what you already have learned — that the bridge is out on the road ahead.

So mostly you keep quiet and let the armies of the upwardly mobile roll over your psyche at will. It's not the way it's told now, but I think it's the way it will be. Behind every significant advance of blacks, women, homosexuals, latinos, youth or what have you of the sixties and seventies was the voluntary capitulation or active assistance of a large number of that constantly criticized creature: the straight, white, over-30 American male. If this creature's role was truly as purported, history would have been quite different. In fact, the allegedly dominant role has been betrayed at every turn by a mass of white American males. They have repeatedly rather switch than fight to a degree that has few historical parallels. And this is one important

— but largely overlooked — reason our society is quite different than it was a quarter century ago.

Part of the brilliance of the early civil rights movement was to recognize the difference between the homogenous appearance of the white community and its actual heterogeneity, between its own past subjugation to reactionary cliques of power and its potential acceptance of new ideals and alliances. Had Martin Luther King been as stubbornly ethnocentric as some of his successors in the black movement, the blood might still be spreading in Selma today. It is part of the power of Andrew Young as well; he has the capacity to move others than blacks, to speak first of universal rights and needs and only secondarily to plead a particular ethnic cause.

It is a skill that has not been highly valued in recent years. After King, the black movement — rightfully scornful of the debilitating absorption of minorities by traditional integration as opposed to desegregation with equality — turned on the coalition politics of the early civil righters and pursued goals in isolation, with guerilla-like attacks on the white establishment that first stunned and confounded it but later only annoyed it. Important as it was for blacks to rediscover long-suppressed values and traditions, once so armed and united they were still only a minority — easily turned away from the door.

The separatist politics flourished anyway. It was more important to shock than to convert, to decry than to convince. Whites were driven away from the civil rights movement just as later males would be shunned in the feminist movement. If you were black you didn't trust whites. If you were a woman you didn't trust men. If you were young you didn't trust anyone over 30. If you were a homosexual you scorned the straights. And if you were an over-thirty, straight white male your main role in the social politics of the nation was to be confronted and condemned.

The role provided immense psychic rewards for those groups battling for equality: a largely immobilized, somewhat guilty mass of American men against which to sling their ideologies. The only problem was that by deliberately disengaging a large segment of the population from the battle for rights, active resistance to these movements could function with little fear their opposition might be reinforced by allies. The minority of those with power could battle the minority that sought it on terms considerably more favorable to the former than in the days of the old coalitions.

Further, the discarding of coalitions was accompanied by a change in strategy that also worked against the goals the minorities sought. Instead of seeking change based on an evolving ethical consensus shared not just by their own kind but by others as well, they relied increasingly on power politics, the very game they were not organized or prepared to play. If, as a Chicago politician once said, "Politics is a matter of who gets what, where, when and how," the isolated interest groups were doomed to failure. Not only did their numbers generally not add up, their own constituencies tended to be far more varied and uncontrollable than the leaders liked to suggest. If the old civil rights movement was a romantic ideal, so then was the alternative — an assumption of unified power that simply didn't exist and which probably wouldn't have worked if it had.

Besides, many of the issues raised no longer had the moral simplicity of the early civil rights agendas. Much as black leaders would like to say it was so, Bakke and Weber were not the lunchcounter suits of the seventies, but complex issues involving relative rather than absolute rights. Bussing, although constantly raised as the litmus test of racism, was, in fact, only a theory, not a right — and a theory that could only be tested in a context that brought valid values into conflict.

These issues may have raised constitutional or moral principles, but they also, more importantly, raised the question of the efficacy and equity of specific political and bureaucratic means of institutionalizing these principles. The fact that bussing was aimed towards achieving a moral principle in no way proved that it would, in fact, achieve it, or that there might not have been better ways of achieving it.

Not every worthy principle is destroyed by its opponents. It can be destroyed by poor politics, poor bureaucratic administration or poor timing. And it can work the other way: just when the black leadership was girding its loins for the second post-reconstruction period, it was suddenly catapulted back into importance by a fortuitous event — the firing of Andrew Young. Who would have guessed that the Middle East, not Bakke or bussing, would usher the black movement into the eighties?

Who would have suspected that a black movement which had eschewed meaningful alliances with latinos, women or the white poor, would rediscover the values of coalition politics amongst the Palestinians (or, in the case of the Urban League, back amongst the Jews)?

An irony — and yet perhaps not so. Andrew Young, after all, constantly reiterated in different ways the universality of suffering and the hypocrisy of alleviating one form at the expense of another.

It was a lonely message from an ethnic politician and perhaps it took his dismissal to make it heard. But it is an important message because it may help to bring an end to an era in which minorities blithely created new opposition and cavalierly discarded potential allies, an era in which those who berated racism and sexism often appeared enamoured of its prime tenet: the superiority of one race or sex.

It is an end that is overdue. The conscious decision that bought psychological satisfaction at the expense of political defeat and paid for ethnic and sexual self-enhancement with social failure had little to recommend it. It brought rhetoric without results and recrimination without reaction.

It is not yet clear that the end will come. We live in a time when we are rapidly turning away from community and altruistic enterprise of any sort, towards a nation of 220-million ego-centered universes where the only social movement that may finally count is the Me Liberation Front. There may even be a causal relationship between the isolated politics of the social change movements of late and the isolated values of the day. Once you accept the idea that one or another large mass of humanity is to be firmly rejected, it's only a matter of addition until the oppressors total everyone except oneself.

In any case, it's not a particularly inviting time for social change and if you are among the declining number still interested you need all the friends you've got. And one of the most frequently overlooked possibilities is that punching bag for those frustrated by their ineffectual assaults on the status quo: your run-of-the-mill white American male.

Now that Nixon has opened the doors to China and Begin those to Egypt, perhaps the ideologically and ethnically pure should consider normalizing relations with this fellow.

He's had a time of it. Back in the fifties, the social critics were saying that his problem was that he was a pawn, the man in the gray flannel suit, pitifully compliant to a matriarchy (remember Momism?). The hip view was that if he only got a little more consciousness-raising he'd try to run things instead of being run by them.

Then, all of a sudden, he was in the sixties and, having barely learned how to speak up to the boss, was being accused of oppression and perpetuating a racist society. Previously rated as incapable of taking care of his own business, he was now being asked to help with everybody else's as well. Some resisted, some just stayed out of the

way, but some did try to help. Some even got hurt, jailed or killed trying to help.

For a while that was okay with those calling for social change. Then they got the idea that you couldn't really trust people who weren't the same color, age, sex or whatever as you and so they not only indicated that they didn't want you around but that wherever you were and whatever you did you were part of the problem.

So you went away and everytime you'd stick your head up somebody would say you were a macho pig, a racist or something like that so you'd stick your head back down and hope it blew over. If you tried to help you were seizing control; if you didn't try, you were insensitive and indifferent.

By this time you may have figured out that you were part of America's largest downwardly mobile class. Everyone else was meant to move ahead; you were meant to move backwards. And feel guilty about it while doing so. They even tried something for you called Men's Liberation. But it wasn't like Women's Liberation because what you were supposed to do at Men's Liberation meetings was to stop being such an awful person, which was nowhere near as exhilarating as learning how to get equality and power and stuff like that.

Maybe you began to suspect that there was a difference between equality and ethnic politics. But it was a hard thing to say aloud. Maybe you thought there were other values in the world, ones that didn't end in an -ism, like decency, kindness, civility, patience and understanding but there were no rallies on their behalf so it was hard to tell.

Maybe you thought that having your kid bussed across the city an hour each way was kind of stupid but when you said so even Walter Cronkite seemed to think you were a racist.

Maybe you noticed a literary double-standard developing: Ebony magazine writing an article on whether whites could sing the blues but no articles on whether blacks could sing opera or bluegrass. Progressive newspapers hiring feminist columnists to conduct ad hominem attacks on the male sex with no reply.

Maybe you increasingly wondered how, after all the years of being mau-maued, patronized, criticized and excoriated you could still retain the slightest interest in anyone's rights but your own.

But the amazing thing is, given the way they have been treated, that many American white men did. If white men were truly as worthless as the rhetoric of social change would have us believe, the insults and catcalls would have long ago driven them into aggressive opposition. In fact, white men have proved themselves remarkably adaptable to change. I know of few white males of my age who have not in some way undergone a major change in their lifestyle or values as a result of the social movements of the sixties and seventies and in the overwhelming majority of cases these changes (unlike the changes for blacks or women) have meant giving up power or mitigating former drives.

While these changes may not have been enough to satisfy the ethnic autocrats or women (and judging from the number of divorces they haven't been) it is hard to gauge the difficulty of giving up privileged values and traditions until you try it. On the whole it is not as much fun as gaining power.

And it has not been made any easier by the failure of those who are seeking power to understand the difficulty or by the tendency of some to abuse a righteous drive for equality with personal greed.

The white male attempting to adapt to social changes faces a sizable array of obstacles: the condoned exclusivity by sex and race for everyone except the white male, the black politician who comes to whites for support during a campaign and then generically libels them after being elected, the "isn't it cute, he's washing the dishes" patronization of women, the you wouldn't understand, you're not a woman/black/latino/homosexual clincher to an argument, the interminable race and sex baiting and the ethnic and sexual con artistry.

Taken together, they provide a silent message to white men, not a claim on equality but an incipient claim of superiority. And there is, lurking behind some of the drives for equality, a dangerous form of fundamentalism — dangerous not because it believes in original sin, but because it doesn't really believe in salvation.

The original sin idea doesn't hold up too well in theology or politics; there's too much fatalism involved for both the alleged sinner and the alleged savior. But it doesn't bother me that some feel that way (at least in rhetoric) half as much as the idea that the fatalism is total; there's really nothing I can do about it anyway.

I mean, if I can turn to Jesus simply by flipping my TV dial and calling the toll-free number in Oklahoma City that flashes on the screen, I don't see why blacks and feminists should set any higher standard.

Well, yes I do. At least politically. For if white males are unreconstructably sinners then their critics are unreconstructedly pure and it makes everything much simpler. You can forget about all the other human virtues and faults, ship the Ten Commandments back up the



mount, throw out several thousand years of ethical inquiry and reduce morality to a binary system: race and sex.

If, on the other hand, it is a good deal more complicated than that, then race and sex may not be your best guide to virtue. And part of true equality may involve recognizing sin where you find it and virtue where you find that and not assigning them en masse to social groupings.

Of course, that makes it harder. It might lead you to perplexing discoveries. Like that not everyone opposed to bussing is a racist. Or that Bakke and Weber and Arabs and Proposition 13 supporters are people, too, and mainly want to get in or up and not set back thirty years of social progress. Or just because America is largely controlled by white males doesn't mean that most white males control America. Or that while the way white American men relate to each other may be different than the way women relate to one another, this difference does not in itself prove that one or the other is superior. Or that if you want someone to treat you decently one of the best ways is to treat them decently. It hasn't been tried much on the white American male. It might just help.

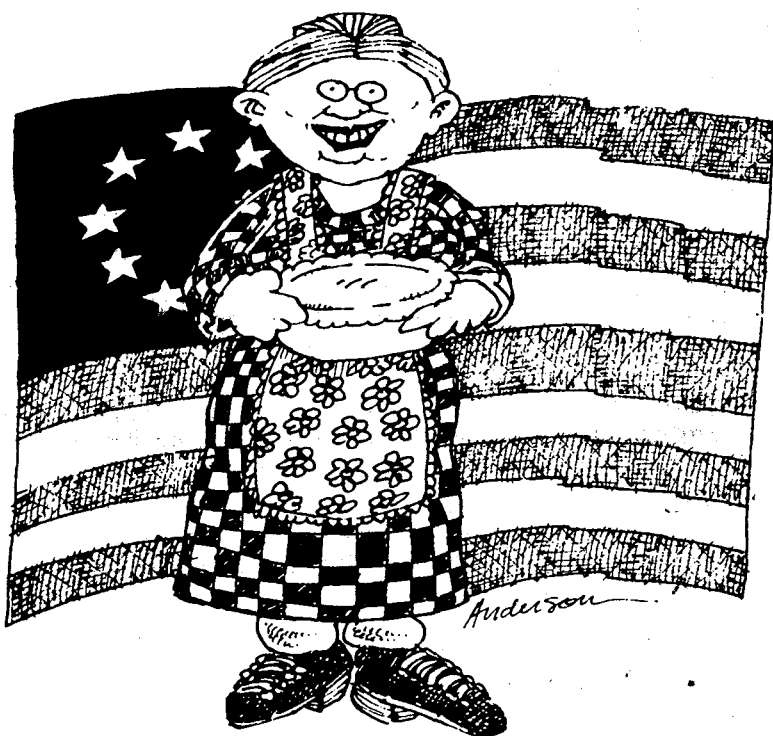
Of course, that means listening to him and trying to pay some attention to his concerns. It means compromise. It means working together on one thing when you don't agree on lots of others. It means granting him as much right to non-destructive values of his own choice as any member of a minority. It means understanding that while you

may think he's sitting on top of the world, he probably doesn't feel that way, that he feels as much as you a victim of forces he can't control. It means being really interested in equality rather than exchanging one form of power abuse for another.

It could start with the rhetoric. If the rhetoric changed, then maybe the politics could change. Women wouldn't have to fight for women alone, blacks for blacks alone, and so forth.

I don't know. It's just an idea. We don't ask much out of the deal. You can forget the power-hogging business. You've got to realize that we white males have soul brothers who are presidents of the world's largest corporations who are spending one third of their time on affirmative action cases, another third on their impending divorces, and the rest trying to figure out how to get the kids off valium. Anyone who doesn't know that power isn't worth the candle deserves it.

I think, though, that there may be many American white men who are more like the sailor on the whaling ship that went a month without a sighting. The captain became more and more arbitrary and difficult. Then one day the sailor spotted a whale and the catch was made. The captain called him to his cabin and asked the man what he could do for him. "All I want," said the sailor, "is a little civility and that of the goddamn commonest variety." It's worth a try. Given an equality of respect from those seeking equality, your average white American male may not turn out to be so bad after all — SAM SMITH



## Apple Pie

ABOUT A YEAR AGO we ran excerpts from the Freeport, Me., police log as republished in the Freeport Post. Thanks to a friend, we can now continue our coverage of law and order with excerpts from the police log published in the Laramie, Wyoming, Boomerang. Here are some of the reports and activities of the Laramie P.D.:

- The theft of three parking meters from the 500 block of South First.
- A report of someone living in a rest room at Washington Park.
- A request for an officer regarding kids tearing up things in the 700 block of Mitchell.
- A complaint for two females throwing eggs from a pick-up in the downtown area.
- A report that a sick horse being walked to the Skyline Animal Hospital had laid down near the drive-in and refused to move, so it was left there overnight. The horse was persuaded to get on its feet Saturday morning and completed the journey to the hospital.
- Loose cattle at Burger World on Curtis Street.
- A transient female throwing rocks at imaginary dogs.
- A request for assistance from the animal control officer in apprehending a porcupine at Seventh and Springcreek.
- A request for an officer in the 500 block of South Fourth where a deer head had been dropped in the street.
- A request for an officer at the KOA campground, where suspicious activity was reported and with an investigation revealing that it was simply a person with nowhere to go.
- A person sitting on the steps at the Junior High School.

• A report of a person riding a wheelchair backwards at 19th & Rainbow, which turned out to be a man coming home from the hospital, and who claimed the chair is easier to propel backwards.

• A report of someone throwing bags of ice at a house in the 1600 block of North Ninth.

• A request for an officer to the Buckhorn Bar regarding several persons crawling in the gutter.

• A hit and run to a vacuum cleaner at a car wash in the 2400 block of Grand.

• Suspicious acts, a man assisting a cat, on the new Clark Street Bridge.

• A report of a person walking a goat at Second & Garfield with a check revealing that it is perfectly all right to walk a goat.

## Diet cont'd

His levels of radiation finally were lowered to the point where he was allowed to return home. His doctor, Bruce Britenstein, reports that the 67-year-old McClusky stopped the DTPA treatments last March.

"As far as we can tell, the treatment has been 95 percent effective," Dr. Britenstein says, "but he still has a large burden of americium. He's doing reasonably well, but we don't know what could happen in the future."

In the McClusky case, DTPA proved useful — but it is unlikely that the chemical would be given to the population at large in the event of radioactive exposure. Public health officials are much more likely to turn to potassium iodide as a precaution against radioactive iodine 131.

Iodine 131 is considered especially hazardous since the thyroid gland has a special affinity for the element, and it can endanger growing children.

"Since iodine concentrates in the thyroid, we can prevent the concentration of radioactive iodine by saturating the gland with non-radioactive iodine," explains Dr. Sindy Marks, associate manager for environmental health and safety at Battelle. "The result of the gland being saturated is that it can't pick up additional iodine."

But whether one pops a pill or turns to a macrobiotic diet, the chances of warding off the effects of high level radiation through chelators is a hedge, at best. Much more important, says Richard Penberthy, project director of the Center for International Environment Information in Washington DC is to know the nature and seriousness of the hazard.

Power plants can release an array of different isotopes which pose various health threats. A variety of responses could be appropriate. They range from evacuation to the quarantining of food and distribution of potassium iodide.

"You have to know the exact nature of the exposure," Penberthy says, "and the best way for people to protect themselves is to make demands on the operator of the nuclear facility to report exactly the percentage of release and what kind of release it is."

"You've got demand a warning system, demand an evacuation if necessary, and demand that civil defense tell you how to clean up."

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# THE GAZETTE BOOKSHELF

## COOKING

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